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Be Progressive!
Incorporate Campbell
Trade At Home
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Current Comment

This week the California Prune and Apricot Growers association received a loan in the sum of $500,000 from the federal farm board. It is not the aim of the association to re-loan the money to individual members, but to use it dilligently in the process of marketing the association's wares. Heretofore the association has been forced to dump as much of the annual crop on the market as it was possible to get a comparatively fair price for in order to secure money for payments to members. Now they will be enabled to "feed" the market gradually as the demand arises, hoping thus to maintain an equable price the year around. If it works the farm board will have demonstrated its right to exist.

The unemployment problem continues to add greatly to the general business depression. Mills, factories, lumber camps and a few canneries, all idle, mean a vast army of jobless. What is the reason for the shutting down of so much industry? There is as much or more money in the country as there ever was. The demand is as great for staple products as it ever was—but people cannot satisfy their demands for lack of money — payroll money. Who, then, is responsible? Who is sitting on the lid of industry—the ready cash of the nation? Can it be possible that the working people are being disciplined? If so, by whom—and why? There, that ought to keep you all guessing for the next few days, anyway.

Which reminds us of the story of the office employe who, having his salary reduced, asked for a half day off. "What do you want to do?" asked the boss. "I want to commit suicide," was the reply.

A young Hollywood actress, arrested for driving through the principal streets of that fair village clothed only in a bathrobe, informed officers that she was on her way home from the beach where she had drunk "carloads" of liquor. We give very little credence to her story, laying her remarks to a natural Hollywood spirit of braggadocio. Not even our stoutest imbibers can drink a carload of liquor and stay on their feet.

And speaking of liquor calls our attention to the campaigns being waged by four different seekers for the office of sheriff of Santa Clara county. Lyle, Schuman, Emig and Kidward oppose each other for the seemingly desirable berth, and county citizens are interestedly observing the maneuvers of this candidate and that in their efforts to corral a large number of votes by Aug. 26. Local daily papers are making much of the sheriff race, and to their ballyhoo can be credited at least one thing of value—and that is that voters are registering in droves, loath to be cheated of the opportunity to cast a ballot for their favorite.

That's all.

C. OF C. REQUESTS ACTION ON S. P. PARK QUESTION

At a regular meeting of the Campbell Chamber of Commerce Monday evening in the community hall a matter of interest to all local people was taken up—the matter of the so-called "park" near the Southern Pacific depot. Once before the situation was taken up with the railroad company, without results.

The following are extracts from a letter written to C. L. Burkhalter, general manager of the Southern Pacific, by a committee consisting of H. N. Shadle and B. O. Curry:

"We are enclosing a series of photos taken of your right-of-way, which is in the most prominent part of our little city and which you will quickly realize is an eyesore and a disgrace to any community which gives any thought to its future development. Two of the pictures show nearby corners which are being kept in first class shape and which are being depreciated in value by your right-of-way."

In this letter they also called the manager's attention to the depot, asking him for his personal attention to the end that Campbell might have a new and adequate station—one that could be used jointly with the Penninsular lines would lessen expense and beautify that part of the city.

"While we know that the passenger traffic out of Campbell over your lines is very small and might not justify too large anexpenditure, we do know that freight shipments from this point are large, probably one of the best points in the county, and could be increased by proper shipping facilities. We feel sure that passenger traffic would increase if adequate accommodations were supplied and any effort made to show that you appreciated the people's business."

The right-of-way is now being used as a regular dumping ground and parking place for old machinery and cars. A beautiful park could be made out of this plot of ground, and it is expected by the Chamber that the railroad company will view their suggestions favorably.

Favorable reports were submitted by the committee working on the outlying roads. Next years budget shows that provisions have been made for the paving of some of the most used roads west of Campbell. This movement will open a large residential district which has been retarded to some extent by the lack of good roads.

FERTILIZERS AND SOILS DISCUSSED IN NEW CIRCULAR

Berkeley, July 15 — Soil and plants are altogether complex to permit o fany easy or quick methodof determining the best methods of soil treatment, says Dr. D. R. Hoagland, professor of plant nutrition in the University of California college of agriculture, in a circular just published at the university. This circular, No. 317, is entitled, "Fertilizer Problems and Analysis of Sails in California." It may be obtained free from the college of agriculture at Berkeley.

"There must be a patient accumulation of knowledge," says Dr. Hoagland, "gained in several ways: by continued investigation on basic relationswhich enter into soil problems everywhere; by further practical observation and experience; and by very carefully conducted and long continued local field tests or experiments, accompanied when necessary by special types of chemical and physiological studies.

"Immediate practical steps to be taken cannot be decided upon without reference to local conditions. Those who desire to avail themselves of the services of the colleg of agriculture should, in the first instance, consult the farm advisor of their county, or an extension specialist."

Other circulars and information on the subject are available at the college of agriculture, or in the office of the local farm advisor.

Following the Old Spanish Trail From Coast To Coast

America's first complete transcontinental highway is nearly finished, leading from the old Spanish gates of the city of St. Augustine, Fla., to the old Spanish Mission at San Diego, Cal. Harral Ayres, Managing Director of the Association which has promoted this motor road, is shown in insert.

The Old Spanish Trail, From St. Augustine To San Diego, Is Nearly Finished

By Caleb Johnson

By the end of 1931 it will be possible for a motorist to start from Maine and drive to San Antonio, Texas, without ever getting off a hard road. Within another two or three years the motorist can continue his journey to California, over hard roads all the way.

With all of our progress in road building, there is today not a single route across the continent which does not involve driving over hundreds of miles of roads which nobody could classify as good and which most motorists, accustomed to the paved highways of both coasts and the Great Lakes region, would classify as positively bad. But with the completion of the Old Spanish Trail we shall have a highway connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, a highway paved or hard surfaced throughout its entire length, and trans-continental highway, moreover, which will be passable at all seasons of the year, since it is located throughout its length far to the south of the snowbelt, which makes the more northerly passages impossible in winter.

It is no wonder that the United States government is aiding liberally in the construction of this road which will give the speediest possible route for the movement of motorized military forces from one coast to the other.

From Maine to Florida the Atlantic coastal highways is now substantially completed, either concrete, tarmacadam or hard sand-clay surface all the way. And when it gets to historic old St. Augustine, Fla., it strikes the beginning of the Old Spanish trail, connecting St. Auguistine in the east with San Diego in the West.

The idea of a cross-continent highway which would follow the trade and military trails blazed by the early Spanish settlers on the Gulf and in the Southwest was first given light at a gathering in Mobile, Ala., in 1915. Nobody knows who selected the picturesque and descriptive name, nor just how the movement started. the first idea was to connect New Orleans with Miami. But the west heard about it and eagerly joined in the movement, set up a promotion headquarters in San Antonio and projected the original plan two thousand miles further than its original enthusiasts had dreamed of going.

And now it is nearing completion.

Starting from St. Augustine, where the Spaniards have left their indestructible record in the narrow streets and picturesque old fort and other buildings of this oldest of American municipalities, the Old Spanish trail runs through Jacksonville, Tallahassee, Pensacola, Mobile, Bay Saint Louis, New Orleans, Lake Charles, Beaumont, Houston, San Antonio, Fort Stockton, El Paso, Las Cruces, Douglas, Tucson, Phoenix, and so to California and San Diego. It crosses eight states, three great bays and the greatest of North American rivers. It crosses the great divide at its lowest point, at Bisbee, Ariz., at an altitude of 6,030 feet above sea-level and descends in to the Imperial valley through El Centro, Calif., 51 feet below sea-level. Yet there are no grades which cannot be driven in high gear.

Two-thirds of the drainage water of the United States crosses the Old Spanish Trail, yet only two ferries are necessary; one across the Mississippi river at New Orleans, the other over Berwick Bay at Morgan City, La., All of the other watercourses which the trail crosses have been bridged.

The Old Spanish trail follows the line of the chain of missions and presidios which the king of Spain ordered in 1772 to be constructed from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California. San Antonio was the meeting place of all the trails connecting the Spanish settlements with each other. And in San Antonio, a few weeks ago, the king of Spain, through the Spanish ambassador to the United States, presented a royal decoration to Harral Ayers, the managing director of the Old Spanish Trail association, in recognition of his services in preserving and perpetuating the old Spanish tradition.

Of the first 579 miles of the trail, from St. Augustine to Bay St. Louis, all but a few miles have been paved, and that part ,in Mississippi, is hard sand and gravel. Thence across Louisiana to the Texas line, 362 miles, concrete pavement is being laid the entire distance, though it will be the end of next year before it is completed. The unpaved sections are good gravel roads.

From the Texas-Louisiana line to San Antonio, 329 miles, the trail is 90 per cent paved. Thence, 583 miles to El Paso, the gravel road is good but dusty and paving is being carried on rapidly, eventually to cover the entire stretch. From El Paso westward across New Mexico and Arizona to the California line is 712 miles, of which about half is paved, the rest gravel over the desert and through the Rocky mountains. By the end of this year it is expected that the last stretch of the 178 miles across California to the Pacific will have been paved.

This great highway, 2,741 miles long, is the largest single piece of road building which has ever been undertaken since the days when the Caesars connected all of the outlying provinces of Europe with Imperial Rome by roads, some of which have lasted to this day and are still main thoroughfares of commerce. When it is finished it will have cost upward of $110,000,000, provided by the states, counties and municipalities and by the United States government.

As every other great road does, the Old Spanish trail is opening up new areas to settlements, to industry and to other development. Until it was cut through from Jacksonville west, five years ago, few tourists to Florida ever saw the lovely rolling country of West Florida, the hills and rivers and coastline vistas that lie between Tallahassee and the beautiful cityof Pensacola. The opening of the trail has brought new life to Pensacola, which with its magnificent harbor and new rail connections northward is rapidly recapturing its ancient importance as a seaport.And so, all along its route, the growing tide of motor tourists following the Old Spanish trail is discovering and spreading the news to the rest of the world that in this south and southwest are opportunities and beauties which few had ever realized existed.

Richard Rodriguez, Former Principal, Greets Friends Here

Richard Rodriguez, former principal of the Campbell grammar school, who was the inspiration and promoter of our union grammar school district, called on a few friends here last week en route to a luncheon engagement in Los Gatos. For several years he has been one of the faculty of an Oakland high school, teaching Spanish and supervising physical instruction.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wells of Culver City arrived Sunday for a visit with Mrs. Wells' mother, Mrs. Hattie Baugh.

LOCAL MEN MEET WITH COOLEY ON ROAD SITUATION

A special meeting was held in the real estate office of B. O. Curry Friday afternoon to talk over the road situation in the Vineland district. C. C. Cooley, supervisor of the Fifht district, in which Vineland is located, was present at the meeting, and it was hoped he would promise to do somehting toward getting roads west of town into shape.

Mr. Cooley indefinitely promised to do some work on Rincon avenue. The Fourth district supervisor, Joe McKinnon, had Rincon paved to the boundary line, and since then no further work has been done. San Tomas, McCoy and Pollard avenues are also sadly in need of paving or repair and leading citizens are determined to get some action on the matter, other than what was half promised at the meeting Friday afternoon.

Ralph Hyde Honor Man In Ins. Sales; At Western Convention

Ralph H. Hyde, representative of the Northern Life, Insurance company, left this afternoon for Santa Cruz to attend the annual convention which marks the anniversary of the founding of the company.

Mr. Hyde, although a recent entrant into the ranks of the company, sold sufficient insurance this year to give him a place in the "Tower" club, which is composed of those men who produce above the average amount of business. The honor carries with it a free trip to wherever the annual convention occurs. Next year it will be held at Seattle, the home office providing the entertainment.

While at the convention Mr. Hyde will stay at the Twin Lakes cottage where Mrs. Hyde and his son are vacationing.

SALINAS READY FOR MAMMOTH RODEO WEEK

Salinas, July 15—All is in readiness here for the nineteenth annual California rodeo and "Big Week" program, to be staged July 16 to 20, inclusive, in keeping with the best traditions of the west.

From the ranges of California, Montana, Wyoming and Nevada have come more than 50 carloads of wild horses and bulls. Mexico has provided a herd of longhorn steers. So bronco-busting and bull-riding is about to begin.

With the arrival of the wildest horseflesh and cattle in the western country has come the "wooliest" collection of cowpunchers yet to be found in this part of the world. Cowgirls, too, of the breed that rides and ropes with manly skill, are here to participate in the big annual roundup program.

Most of the cowboys and girls need no introduction to rodeo audiences, for they have won their spurs and saddles in the toughest competition at Pedleton, Cheyenne and Salinas roundups of previous years. Such riders as Earl Thode, Sammy Garrett, Norman Cowan, Johnny Schneider, Perry Ivory and Smoky Snyder will again be seen in action. Among the cowgirls will be Vera McGinnis, Rose Smith, Donna Cowan and Kathleen Silacci.

Held under the auspices of the Rodeo association of America, the Salinas show is fully accredited and its contests are recognized as champion-making and breaking events. Four titles will be at stake this year and the holders will be hard-pressed to retain their honors, it is declared.

Interest continues to grow, it is reported, in the state-wide race for the honor of "sweetheart of the rodeo." Typical outdoor girl candidates have been entered by many cities and counties and the winner will be chosen on the opening day of the roundup.

S. A. FRUIT MEN INTERESTED IN NEW MACHINES

Sacramento, July 15—First definite fruits of the Pan American Reciprocal Trade conference have appeared in a communication from Julio Cesar Paldao, vice president of the National Fruit Growers' Society of the Argentine.

Paldao's suggestions open an enormous field for disposal, not only of California's fruits, but of machinery adapted to the work connected with production of fruits in the South American republics.

One of the striking suggestions in the letter is that a permanent organization be effected comprising committees in South America and in California to arrange details of reciprocal trade, including methods of financing and means of shipment.

As a preliminary Paldao proposes an itinerary be mapped out for the delegates immediately which will take them on a post-conference visit to the factories manufacturing appliances and machinery for orchard work. This data in turn will be supplied to other growers in South America upon return of the delegates to their native lands.

It is proposed many of these products may be inspected at the California State fair which opens on the closing day of the conference, facilitating the work.

One of the farm products in which the South Americans are particularly interested is white muscatel and other grapes used in the manufacture of wines.

Among the articles of machinery drawing the attention of South America are motorized tillers for orchard and vegetable gardens; spraying and dusting pumps; chemicals for fighting tree diseases; fruit washing machines, fruit and vegetable packing equipment; fruit driers; canning and preserving machinery; wood machines used in making boxes; corrugated cardboard and paper used in packing, and machinery for manufacturing wood shavings for fruit packing.

Strange Algol

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I hope you know," said the Constellation Perseus, "that my star Algol is the most noted of variable stars."

Harry was glad Perseus did not wait for an answer, for up to this moment, if the truth were known, he was not sure that he had even so much as heard of Algol.

Evidently Perseus thought he knew for he went right on with his talking.

"In the old days they thought Algol was rather unlucky in spite of his brightness. Alpha, to be sure, is my brightest star, and Alpha lives in a regular starry meadow."

"Why did they think Algol an unlucky star?" Harry asked.

"You see Algol's name means Demon, and his light varies which is the reason he is called a variable star. Algol has also been called the Double Eye."

"What queer names."

"They are a bit queer," Perseus admitted. "By the way, you know about Medusa, don't you?"

"Yes—but I just as soon hear it again." Harry was thinking how many myths he remembered just as soon as they were told to him again.

"Medusa," commenced Perseus proudly, "was one of three Gorgon sisters. If you looked at one of them you were turned to stone. That was the old tale. They had snakes for hair."

"I remember. I always thought they were horrible."

"Andromeda was the daughter of Cassiopeia—you'll notice I'm not far from Andromeda and she is just below Cassiopeia whom you've met—I want you to keep your directions. You've heard how vain Cassiopeia was. Well, her daughter was punished, too, for her mother's vanity. She was chained to a rock so a sea monster could come and capture her."

"I think that was mean to punish a daughter for her mother's vanity."

"I didn't think it was fair, so when I came along with Medusa's head which I had taken without looking at her face, I decided then and there I'd do something for Andromeda.

"I was going to help her in the first place because I felt sorry for her, but do you know that I fell right in love with Andromeda when I saw her? I flashed the head of Medusa in front of the sea monster who was just reaching for her so that he was turned to stone. Then I took Andromeda away with me, and here we live in the sky, right near each other and happy."

"That's a peach of a story," Harry said.

"Andromeda deserved all I could do," Perseus went on. "Some time

She Was Chained to a Rock.

when you're down on your Earth look up at her fine Nebula—the Great Andromeda Nebula it is called.

"But I've got away from my subject! I was going to tell you about Algol."

"Yes, with all his queer names."

"Algol, and some other little stars nearby, make up the Medusa's head which I carried in my hand when I rescued the fair Andromeda. But Algol improved after he got up in the sky.

"Have you time to hear aonther little story about me?"

"I'm sure I have." Cosmo was asleep and Harry was anxious to hear all he could from this interesting Perseus.

"They said that I made the Milky Way when I stirred up so much star dust in the heavens in my hurry to perform the deeds I had set out to do."

"The brave deeds, you mean."

Perseus smiled. "I'd rather the praise came from some one else and not from me. Of course the story that I made the Milky Way is nothing more than a fanciful story, but it is a pleasing one for me to tell.

"I don't want you to think I'm conceited so I'll talk some more about Algol. I don't want you to have a bad idea of him. Nor do I want you to feel sorry for him. He has a companion and they have an excellent time travelling around. Sometimes he is brighter than his companion and sometimes his companion is brighter than he is."

"That's the way it is with humans, too," Harry told Perseus.

"Well, one of the reasons Algol was given such a bad reputation was because he is a winking star, and the Arabians thought winking was very, very, very shocking.

"Oh, Cosmo is awake now!"

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Fruit Desserts

By NELLIE MAXWELL

DURING the summer we begin with the luscious strawberry and serve it fresh with sugar and cream, over angel cake with cream, crushed over ice cream, and everyone likes the old-fashioned rich biscuit mixture for strawberry shortcake. The currant and cherry follow with raspberries and blackberries, so that one need not want for fruit desserts from early in the spring until the late fruits of autumn are ripe.

Blueberry Betty.—Mix two cupfuls of soft bread crumbs (packed solidly) with one-half cupful of melted butter. Arrange in a buttered baking dish in alternate layers with two cupfuls of blueberries, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and a little lemon juice. Cover the top with crumbs and bake 20 minutes. Remove the cover and continue baking until the crumbs are brown. Serve with hot sweetened cream.

Raspberry Charlotte Russe.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one-third of a cupful of cold water, dissolve over hot water, cool slightly and add to one and one half cupfuls of strained raspberry pulp and the juice, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of orange extract. Set the dish on a bowl of chipped ice and stir constantly until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one and one-half cupfuls of heavy cream whipped until stiff. Turn into individual molds lined with thin slices of sponge cake. Chill and serve.

Blackberry Roll.—Roll a rich biscuit dough one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Spread with fresh raspberry jam. Roll like a jelly roll, moisten the edges and press them together as securely as possible. Dip a cloth into boiling water, wring out in another cloth, dredge the hot cloth with flour and tie up the roll in the cloth, allowing room for rising. Cover with boiling water and cook two hours or place in a steamer and steam one hour. Cover closely while cooking. Remove from the cloth to a hot platter and serve with cream and sugar or a foamy sauce.

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SMART SET TAKES TO CALICO

YELLOW calico and rick-rack braid—a combination which to the uninitiated may flavor somewhat of the old-fashioned and the most humble, but not in the opinion of the style-conscious. No indeed; There is nothing smarter for this season than simple cottons made up as swankily as possible.

No doubt it is this thought of the chic or washable weaves, which inspired the designer of the frock in the picture to glorify ordinary yellow calico with an artful treatment which calls for short puff sleeves, a two-tiered ruffled skirt and a bodice which defines a normal waistline.

The trickiest thing about this costume is its hat made of the self same calico as the dress. The idea of matching hats is making a widespread appeal for summer. The suit of shantung, linen or pique now takes unto itself a hat of self-fabric, either a beret or a brimmed model. The hat with a brim is usually machine stitched row and row. Some of these fabric hats are draped and manipulated with all the flattering effect of more formal modes. The self-fabric movement for hats also extends to flowery chiffons, organdies, dotted swiss and other such sheer weaves.

These dressier modes are often considerably shirred and sometimes flower or lace trimmed.

As to rick-rack braid, which so enhances the modish frock and the hat illustrated, stylists have captured this little zig zag trimming for their very own this season, and you should see what they are doing with it! Making entire hats of it, in either white or lovely tints, sewing it together, row and row and point to point, then starching them. Women are making these hats themselves. In some instances part of the hat is made of fabric with bands of the rick-rack inserted.

Ever so clever to wear with one's linen or calico sports frock is the beret of self fabric. It is possible to buy patterns for various berets most anywhere. It adds a smart touch if a band of sewed-together rick-rack be fitted about the forehead, the same tied in a prim little bow at one side.

The matching hat idea is carried out very charmingly as an ensemble item for the costume whose frock is of print, with a coat of solid tone, in this way: the crown of the hat is made of the printed silk or cotton of the frock, with the monotone fabric of the coat fashioning the brim.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

PAJAMA COSTUMES FOR THE BEACH

WITNESS fashion holding high carnival on the beach! Mingling in the vast throng of water fans and beach sojourners, were it not for the blue sky above, the endless expanse of sea and the wide stretches of sand, one might almost believe the company about to be a band of gay masqueraders, so varied, so fantastic, so make-believe their costumes.

This theme of character dress which is furnishing such amusement to the leisure class, offers also a new outlet for expression to the designer possessed of "ideas." Indeed, vacationing on the beach demands a very special wardrobe—one entirely set apart from the regular program of dress.

See now the style parade as it moves hither and thither on the beach—here a fascinating creature affecting the role of a bold pirate of the sea, or maybe she is a dancing girl, this carefree maiden posing to the right in the picture. Anyway her costume silhouettes a spot of gorgeous color against the horizon. Her pajamas are made of printed silk which interpatterns flaming red with orange, white and navy blue. Her bolero is navy crepe, her hat nonchallantly flares its huge red, yellow and blue straw brim back from her smiling face.

Her companion's suit goes nautical, the silk print of the coat designed with shins—navy blue on a white background. Her dark blue pajamas take on fashionable pleated flares which extend from the knees. Another big hat, if you please. You may fancy it of straw or stitched linen or shantung for it is apt to be any one of the three. Enormous hats, just flocks of them flapping their brims, add a most picturesque feature to this season's beach scenes.

Perhaps you think the polka dot pajamas which Laura La Plante (pictured in the tiny panel) is wearing, quite amusing. Evidently the fair movie actress thinks so too, judging from her smile. Well they are awfully swagger pajamas made of polka-dotted weaves, especially when topped with a natty nautical looking coat of navy blue serge with imposing insignia embroidered on one sleeve, with epaulets 'n everything true to type.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

A Gentleman of the Old School

The Weekly Short Story—By H. IRVING KING

MR. DILLINGHAM could not exactly be said to be "in business"; but he had large "interests"—mostly inherited—over which he kept a close supervision. Also a stenographer-secretary and an only son—each of whom was about twenty-five years of age.

Now you think that Walter is going to fall in love with Cynthia that Curtis is going to object violently, there is going to be a row and the lovers are going to be married in spite of everything and everybody. Just hold your horses a minute and see. Come with me to one of those "English-basement brownstone fronts" on West Thirty-Something street. A similar house on the right has a restaurant in the basement a "Modiste" on the first floor and offices representing heterogeneous enterprises from there up to the roof. The house on the left is a "rooming house." In fact No. 39 is the only house on the block still in the occupancy of the family which owned it and dwelt therein when people spoke of being "genteel"; and the crude and bustling '70s were trying to outdo the idle and splendid '40s. Step right into the drawing room and let me introduce you to Miss Margaret Blair and Mr. Walter Dillingham.

"Margaret," Walter was saying, "I don't see any sense in waiting any longer. I don't think dad will object a bit. He isn't a bad fellow after you get inside his shell. He and your father were close friends, moved in the same social set, were at college together. I have heard him speak of John Blair in such terms that I don't think he will object to having John Blair's daughter for a daughter-in-law."

"Perhaps not," replied Margaret thoughtfully. "Yet he might think—oh he might think a lot of things—the situation being as it is—that I have inveigled you or something like that. Anyway we must wait until the end of the year when my contract expires—and in the meantime I want you to promise me that you won't say a word on the subject to your father."

"I will not make any such fool promise," said Walter. "And then they had a little tiff and then he put his arms around her and promised that he would not say a word.

Margaret's father had once been wealthy but his fortune had dwindled; and as it dwindled he and his wife had gradually withdrawn from society—and been forgotten. When Mrs. Blair died society remembered for a whole week—she had been a famous hostess in her day. When two years later John Blair died society remembered again, even went to the funeral and said that "Something ought to be done" for Margaret. But Margaret refused all offers of assistance and so society having done its duty went away and forgot her existence—which was just what she wanted society to do. John Blair had left his daughter the brownstone house in Thirty-Something street and a little, a very little money. She had to work to "piece out."

Walter Dillingham did not too often invade the library when his father was at work there with his pretty stenographer-secretary. But sometimes he did, and when he did he could not help looking at the young woman. For Miss Cynthia Waldron was good to look at. Several times the elder Dillingham caught his son gazing upon the secretary with a look which was most objectionable to him. Finally one day he summoned Walter into his most august presence and spoke to him on various matters pertaining to love, marriage and ethics. "My son," said he, "I trust you will always remember that you are a gentleman born so. I do not like your manner toward my secretary, Miss Waldron. Strongly object to it. While Miss Waldron is in my employ—"

Walter interrupted him—"Why, father, your suspicions are cruelly unjust. I wouldn't on any account, go—er—philandering about; because I am engaged to a most charming girl, you see."

"Engaged!" cried Mr. Dillingham. And then sternly, "To whom, pray?"

"To the daughter of your old friend, John Blair."

"Indeed," replied the father. "Little Margaret. I haven't seen her for years. I have been derelict in that matter. A child of such parents cannot but make a worthy wife. But why have you not brought her to see me?"

"Oh, you see enough of her as it is," said Walter. "She is your secretary, Cynthia Waldron. You see, she took a fake name when she went to work; didn't want society to catch on. None of society's business, anyway."

"Hum, hum, quite right," said Curtis Dillingham, Esq. "Miss Waldron, will you step this way a minute?"

That's all—except that Margaret is Mrs. Walter Dillingham. But she still acts as Mr. Dillingham's secretary—he couldn't get along without her.

(Copyright.)

SUCH IS LIFE — Written in Jest — By Charles Sughroe

DID YOU PRINT A PIECE IN YOUR PAPER ABOUT USIN' SAND PAPER TO REMOVE FRECKLES ON?
NOT BAD, WAS IT?
WELL, I JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU THAT TH' IDEA WASN'T SO HOT
CHARLES SUGHROE

UGLY PIMPLES?

Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Watch the transformation. Try NR instead of mere laxatives. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists, only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

60 A. Fine Alfalfa Land, Hinkley Valley, 7 mi. Barstow, water 18 ft. Elec. Fine for poultry. Leased for oil, $50 a. Terms. O. M. FOSSUM. 1341 13th St. - San Bernardino, Calif.

Save Money on Used Pipe
It will pay you to get our prices on used pipe and screw casing. New threads and couplings. Tested, dipped and guaranteed. 30 to 50 per cent saving. G. Weissbaum & Co., 140 Eleventh St., San Francisco.

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"Passing the Buck"

Things got so noisy in the flat upstairs last night that I finally went up and knocked on the door.

"Boggs," I said, "here's something I want you to read." And I handed him a sarcastic article I had clipped out of a humorous paper about the family upstairs.

"Heh, heh, heh!" he said, when he had finished it. "That's pretty good. Lemme have it, willya? I wanta show it to the family upstairs."—Life.

Another Einstein Theory

Prof. Einstein's theory of life, he expresses thus: "Never forget that the fruits of our work are not final in themselves. Production is meant to ennoble and make our lives easier, to give our lives a touch of beauty and refinement. Never shall we allow ourselves to be degraded into mere slaves of this thing we call production."—The American Magazine.

The Mimic World

The stage is referred to as the legitimate stage in the sense of its being normal, regular, comfortable to a recognized standard type. Originally the legitimate drama was that body of plays, Shakespearean or other, that have a recognized theatrical and literary merit.

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The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

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Mission, Tex.—"I have used a good deal of your medicine and always find it gives wonderful help. I was feeling so weak and miserable that I had to lie down very often and I could hardly do my housework. I read in the paper how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped other women who were in the same condition so I said I will try it for myself. I am very much better now and I recommend this medicine, and will answer letters from women asking about it."—Mrs. J. W. Albertson, 1015 Miller Avenue, Mission, Texas.

The Mazaroff Mystery

By J. S. FLETCHER

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER X—Continued

—14—

The grocer took us through his shop into his backyard. It was a dismal place, all the more dismal because that was an unusually fine spring evening. It seemed to be a sort of dumping ground for boxes, barrels, chests, old tins, crates, all the refuse of a chandlery shop; and it was of some extent, running from the back of the premises to a high wall in which there was a crazy door.

"Here's where I found him!" whispered Kilthwaite in a half-awe struck whisper: "I wanted some planking out of this pile of old wood: I pulled some aside, and there was a man's arm! And then—well, then I found the rest. I saw signs of a struggle. But," he added, "some of your people that have been here already, Mr. Corkerdale; they say that there are clear indications that he'd been dragged in here, across the yard, from the door there."

"What's outside that door and the wall?" asked Corkerdale.

We all went to look. There was a narrow, stone-paved lane there, running from a side street between the backs of the Harrow road houses and those of some street or terrace set further back. It was fenced in by high walls for all its length; there were only two feeble gas lamps to light it; it was dark, silent.

"One of your men says there are bloodstains on the stones—just there!" whispered the grocer. "Of course, you know, I never heard anything—and I've not heard either, of anybody who did so far."

We went back to the shop and stood discussing the matter and its probabilities for some little time. Then the grocer's telephone bell rang. He went to answer it, and looked round at us.

"If one of you gentlemen's Mr. Maythorne," he said, "He's wanted."

Maythorne crossed over and took up the receiver. A moment later, he, too, turned on us.

"From the under hall porter!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Elphinstone and Miss Merchison are back!"

CHAPTER XI

Accused!

I HAD been pretty much of a passive spectator and observer up to that point, but as soon as Maythorne made his startling announcement I leaped into action. I was half way to the shop door before his last word had left his lips; he himself was scarcely less rapid of movement and his hand was on my arm as I crossed the threshold.

"Where are you going?" he exclaimed.

"Where? Short's, of course!" I answered. "Aren't you?"

"To be sure!" he said. "But—a moment. These other two had better come, as well. And—a word with this grocer chap."

I waited impatiently outside the shop until the three men joined me. We had some little difficulty in finding a taxicab; they were not plentiful in that dreary quarter; when at last we had packed ourselves into one I chafed all the time its driver was running down to a more palatable neighborhood. My three companions had relapsed into silence; each seemed to be following some train of thought of his own. Nobody spoke, indeed, until we were close to Short's hotel; then Manners suddenly gave voice to what he evidently was thinking.

"That poor fellow Bowmas must have come up to London by the same train that the Elphinstones came in!" he said, in the tone of a man who thinks that he has made a startling discovery.

"Evidently!" remarked Maythorne, in his direct manner. "Evidently!—since he presented himself at their hotel very soon after they got there."

"What I meant," said Manners, "was this—if he did, as he must have done, he was tracking them—or some one of them."

"That, too, seems evident," rejoined Maythorne. "I should say he was! Especially as he followed the three women when they went out!"

"Why?" asked Manners. "Why? That's what licks me!"

There was a brief silence on that. Then Corkerdale spoke.

"Newspaper man, you say he was," he remarked. "Reporter. Those chaps have a trick of poking their noses into places and things where they've no right to be. Poachers, as it were. I've had more than one game of mine spoiled by that sort. Get it into their heads that it's a fine thing to do a bit of detective work for their papers. Gets 'em credit with the editors. I should say this chap's been going on a line of his own since that murder—and you see what it's brought him to! Murdered himself."

"Ah!" said Maythorne, with a touch of sarcasm that was lost on our companions. "I shouldn't wonder if you're right, Corkerdale. But what a pity we didn't get on his line, too! For, if he was murdered to silence him, you may bet your life he was on the right line! But here we are."

The upper hall porter hurried down the steps at Short's and opened the door of our cab, glancing knowingly at Maythorne.

"Came in just as I got back, sir," he announced in an undertone. "Both of 'em! In a taxi. So I telephoned up there to you, at once."

"Good!" answered Maythorne. "But—only Mrs. Elphinstone and Miss Merchison? Not the maid?"

"No, sir. Only the lady and her daughter. I think Mrs. Elphinstone's ill, sir. There's a doctor gone up."

Maythorne turned to the two policemen. But before he could say anything, a woman in the uniform of a professional nurse came hurrying round the corner and sped up the steps into the hotel.

"The doctor's evidently telephoned for a nurse," observed Maythorne. "Um!—we can't very well break in on illness."

But Corkerdale shook his head and his face grew inflexible.

"Illness or no illness, Mr. Maythorne," he said, "I'm going up! Things are a bit too thick, too serious. And there's the young lady. She'll know where her mother's been and where they've come from. And—where's that other woman, the maid? We'll go up, Manners."

Maythorne and I followed them. We went up to the floor on which the Elphinstones' suit of rooms was situated. At the door Corkerdale paused and turned to me. "Mr. Holt knows the family," he said in a suggestive whisper. "Go in, Mr. Holt, and just see how the land lies! We don't want to intrude, you know, nor to make any bother, but we must have some explanation. Get the young lady to yourself—"

He broke off with a meaning nod at the door, and, anxious enough to see Sheila and to make sure that she was safe, I tapped at the panels and walked into the room. I saw Sheila at once; she was standing at one side of the hearth; Mr Elphinstone, in his usual semi-perplexed state, stood at the other; between them, his hat in his hand, stood a tall, professional looking man whom I at once set down as the doctor we had just heard of. He was speaking as I entered, and with a mere glance at me he went on:

"—after a good night's rest, quite all right, I think. But I will call again, Mr. Elphinstone, in a couple of hours, and perhaps give Mrs. Elphinstone a sleeping draught. Keep the nurse all night—she'll save you a lot of trouble, I think that's all at present."

He turned and made for the door, and as I was still close by it, I opened it for him, let him out, and shut it on him, at the same time slipping the latch—those three outside were not coming in until I was sure of something. I turned: Sheila was already advancing towards me.

"You're all right?" I asked eagerly. "Safe?"

"Safe—yes!" she answered. "All right, too. But—everything else is all wrong! Maythorne?—where is he?"

"Outside," I said. "The police, too! Two of them—Corkerdale and Manners."

"We've got to see the police at once!" interrupted Sheila. "Let them in, Mervyn. You'll hear everything that I say to them," she added, turning to Mr. Elphinstone. "There mustn't be any delay, either! Open the door!"

I thrust back the latch and threw the door open—the three men outside came in, wonderingly. The two policemen, thus admitted appeared to lose their tongues, but Maythorne, after a first keen glance at Sheila, smiled.

"I think you're none the worse for your adventures, Miss Merchison," he said. "I hope Mrs. Elphinstone is not seriously the worse, either?"

"My mother's had a sort of collapse after she came in," replied Sheila. "The doctor says she will be all right after a night's rest. Sit down, all of you, if you please—I want to talk to you," she continued, abruptly. "You've all been wondering where my mother, and Alison Murdoch, and myself went, and where we've been since, haven't you?"

"A good deal of search has been made for you, miss," observed Corkerdale, finding his tongue. "Going on now, it is, too! What happened, if I may ask?"

Sheila looked at Maythorne and from him to me.

"Happened?" she answered. "My mother and I were kidnaped!"

Mr. Elphinstone groaned—but there was a note of triumph in his voice.

"By whom were you kidnaped, Miss Merchison?" asked Maythorne quietly.

Sheila unconsciously towered her voice as she bent forward to answer.

"Alison Murdoch!" she replied.

"And—where is Alison Murdoch?" continued Maythorne. "But—I suppose you don't know!"

"No!" answered Sheila. "I don't know!"

Corkerdale cleared his throat—the sound suggested that he thought it was high time he came in.

"What I'd wish, Mr Maythorne," he said "that is, Sergeant Manners and myself—would be if the young lady would just tell us what happened after she and her mother and this woman left the hotel three nights ago. Seems to me we want a consecutive narrative as it were. Then—"

"I'm going to tell you," interrupted Sheila. "But I shall have to begin before that. I must begin where Mr. Maythorne and Mr. Holt came to Miss Apperley's that that evening—the evening that my mother arrived here. After you two had gone," she continued, turning to Maythorne and me, "I thought a lot—a tremendous lot—about the whole business. I was very uneasy about everything—the will—the general situation. To tell you the truth, I felt that if things were going to remain where they were I should come perilously near to suspicion of my own mother. So—"

Mr. Elphinstone smote his knees with his open palms and groaned audibly. But Sheila gave him a glance and went on.

"So, eventually, I said to Miss Apperley that I was going to Short's, to have it out with my mother, if I could. I came here—I saw my mother in that bedroom."

"Alone?" asked Maythorne.

"Alone! We had a sort of row at first—she was naturally furious with me; first, for taking the will out of her possession; second, for running away to London with it and giving it to Mr. Holt. But in the end she calmed down, and eventually, when we had restored amicable relations between ourselves, she told me that I need not have been so hasty, for it was her full intention to send the will, either to Mr. Postlethwaite, who had prepared it, or to Mr. Crole, the very next day, with an account of how it had come into her possession."

"How had the will come into Mrs. Elphinstone's possession?" asked Maythorne.

"In this way," replied Sheila. "I told you and Mr. Holt that my mother was out late in the evening for two evenings in succession, and that on the second evening I

"Straight Out!—There and Then," Assented Sheila.

stole downstairs on hearing her come in, and, unperceived by her, saw her examining a document which I afterwards discovered to be the will. Her explanation is that on coming in that night she found one of the french windows in the library open, and on the carpet, just within, an envelope containing the will! She had just picked this up and was examining it when I saw her."

"To be sure—to be sure!" muttered Mr. Elphinstone. "Perfectly clear!—perfectly!"

"Proceed, if you please," said Maythorne, quietly.

"Well," continued Sheila, "I then began to talk to my mother about various possibilities as to how the will had come there. I pointed out that the possession of it, and her refusal to account for it and to reply to questions (all of which is due to her natural pride and obstinacy and dislike of being coerced by anyone) would make people—like you, for instance—suspicious about her. She cared very little about it, but we began to discuss the question of the identity of the murderer. For it seemed to me that whoever had stolen the will had previously murdered its maker! And eventually, and I think, accidentally, I told her about that cairngorm brooch which you showed me the other night."

"Ah!" exclaimed Maythorne, with a sudden betrayal of his keen interest. "You did? Good—good! And—"

"She immediately became excited. She jumped to the conclusion that you had picked it up at the scene of the murder—"

"I did!" remarked Maythorne.

"So she suspected—and said that that of course was why you were taking care of it. Then she told me that—from my description—the brooch was one of two which Mr. Elphinstone had bought, years ago, in Scotland, and given to her. She had never worn either, as they were cumbrous and heavy; she still had one, but she had given the other away, some time before."

"Aye, and to whom?" asked Maythorne, eagerly.

"To Alison Murdoch!" replied Sheila, giving us all a swift, enveloping glance. "And of course, as soon as I heard that, I saw through the whole sordid business. Alison Murdoch was the guilty person! She had murdered and robbed Mazaroff; she had dropped that brooch at Reiver's den; she had thrown the will into the library at the tower—the one fatal mistake she made for her own chances—and . . . I told my mother my conclusions. And then I fetched Alison Murdoch in, and accused her pointblank!"

There was a murmur that seemed to denote a mixture of interest and of admiration from the two policemen; Corkerdale who sat twiddling his thumbs and watching Sheila intently, smiled broadly.

"You plumped her with it, miss?—straight out!" he exclaimed. "Yes—yes?"

"Straight out!—there and then," assented Sheila. "But let me tell you why—in addition to what I've already told. During the last few minutes of my talk with my mother I'd been thinking harder and quicker than I'd ever thought in my life. Now, I remembered something about Alison Murdoch and her family. Although my mother rarely mentioned such matters to me, I knew more about Marrasdale and my father's connection with it than she had any idea of—I had picked up a lot of knowledge and gossip from the old people round about us. And I knew that my father, Andrew Merchison, was well known in those parts before his marriage, and that his people had been folk of some consequence there. I knew, too, that Alison Murdoch's family had been there a long time, too, and that between it and my father's people there was a deadly enmity, arising out of—"

"Land!" interrupted Mr. Elphinstone. "Land! The Merchison lot did the Murdochs out of a bit of land—some years ago. Piece of oppression and chicanery—but it was done. Unforgivable, of course—in the minds of these Border people. Feud! Land feud! Such things are remembered for ever."

"They rankle," said Sheila. "There was blood shed over it at the time—a Merchison shot a Murdoch, though not fatally. All that's well known—Mr. Elphinstone knows all about it—"

"Countryside gossip to this day," agreed Mr Elphinstone. "There are men and women there in Marrasdale who remember it—"

"Well," continued Sheila, "it struck me that Alison Murdoch, who is a silent, grim, reserved, determined woman, probably not only remembered it, but was the very sort of person, who, if she got the chance of revenge, would take it without hesitation. I figured it all out this way. Alison Murdoch, when Mazaroff, who, of course, was really Andrew Merchison, came to the Woodcock, was helping there; helping with the cooking and so on. She saw him, and recognized him. She no doubt got acquainted with his habits and knew that he strolled out on the moors, after dark. Now, she didn't live at the Woodcock—she lived at a cottage of her own, on the way to Birnside. I came to the conclusion that having made up her mind to revenge the old feud on Andrew Merchison, she watched for her opportunity. On the night of the murder she saw him go out and take the path towards Reiver's den. She abstracted Murgrave's gun from the parlor and followed him—and shot him. And—"

"A moment!" interrupted Maythorne. He glanced at the two policemen. "Corkerdale and Manners will understand the meaning of a question I want to put to you," he continued. "It's this—does this woman, Alison Murdoch, at all resemble your mother, Mrs Elphinstone?"

"Very closely!" answered Sheila. "They're of the same height and build, anyway—very similar in figure and not at all unlike in general appearance."

"One could easily be mistaken for the other in the dark, eh?" asked Maythorne.

"I should say, very easily," asserted Sheila. "In fact, I have so mistaken them myself."

Maythorne turned to the policemen.

"That accounts for what Ecclesshare and Parslave saw—or believed they saw," he remarked in an undertone. "Eh?"

"Seems so—to me," answered Manners. "Yes—I should say it did."

Corkerdale, however, said nothing; he was still watching Sheila. "You were saying, miss—?" he suggested.

"Well—I was going to say that that seemed to me a good ground for suspecting her, taking other things into consideration," continued Sheila. "But I had another ground. It was well known—it had already got talked about. He was careless about displaying his wealth. I myself heard, as people do hear things in villages, that he left large sums of money and even diamonds lying about on his dining table. Now, I knew that Alison Murdoch is a covetous, avaricious, grasping woman; miserly to the last degree. If she murdered Andrew Merchison out of revenge, she was just the sort of woman to rob his dead body of everything on it out of sheer greed! She is, I say that sort—"

"A hoarder!" muttered Mr. Elphinstone. "A saver of farthings! I think you're quite right, Sheila. But murder?—dear me!"

"Well, that's the conclusion I came to," said Sheila, "and these were my reasons. In the few minutes in which I thought all this out, I came to the absolute definite conclusion that Alison Murdoch had shot Andrew Merchison, had robbed him of his money, valuables, and papers, and that it was she who had thrown his will into the open window of Mr. Elphinstone's library, where my mother had picked it up. And, as I said at the beginning, as soon as I'd arrived at that conclusion, I called her into my mother's room—that room!—and accused her of the murder!"

Mr Elphinstone treated us to one of his groans. But Corkerdale, unconsciously edged his chair nearer to Sheila.

"Now, this is where the really interesting part comes in, miss!" he said. "You charged her! What might she reply, now?"

"She denied it, of course—indignantly," answered Sheila. "She was for bouncing out of the room, to complain to Mr. Elphinstone. Then she changed her mind and said she'd go to her own room, pack her things, and leave the hotel. I soon settled her, though!"

"Aye?—and how, miss?" asked Corkerdale, still more interested.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Inventor of Phonograph

A tablet was unveiled in the National library at Paris on the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Edouard Leon Scott de Martinville who, according to the tablet, constructed a crude sound reproducing apparatus known as the "phonautograph" 20 years before Edison invented his phonograph.

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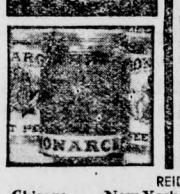

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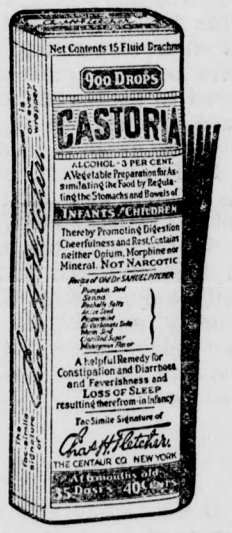
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"Oh—wife away?"—Stray Stories.

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Evidences of a woman's presence no longer include dropped hairpins.—Arkansas Gazette.

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Editorial

THE VALUE OF BUSINESS CONCERNS TO OUR TOWN

The other day we overheard a stranger remark while standing in front of one of the best establishments in town, "My, that man is certainly fortunate to have a business of that kind in such a good locality."

"Lucky was hardly the word we would have used in connection with that business, for we knew the inside story of how and why that particular marchant had made an outstanding success of his business.

Of course, that merchant was fortunate in choice of business and location, and owed much to the community and the surrounding trade territory for the patronage and support which he had received. But, (and this thought occurred with startling force,) *our town owed much to that progressive merchant, too.* He is rendering a distinct service to all of us, and is bettering our town materially, with his business and through his personal efforts.

With the advent of good roads and rapid transportation, the changing merchandising conditions, our town has been thrown into competition with other towns which in former years were considered too distant to offer trading facilities to the people of this district. Our competition from other communities has increased, but on the other hand, our potential trading area has been greatly expanded. In fact, it is possible for our town to draw business from several times the size area of former times. Our opportunities have become greater. The progressive merchant refered to by the stranger has been one of those who have grasped the opportunity and is bringing business and friends from distant places to our town.

Individually, and as a town, we owe him much, and his value to us collectively, as a community asset, cannot be overestimated.

So, too, with the other business concerns, and the professional men of the town. Most of them cheerfully acknowledge their indebtedness to our community, and we as individuals should acknowledge our indebtedness to them by giving them all the assistance we can, and as much of our patronage as possibe.

* * * *

JUAN BELIEVED IN VOTING

Down in Santiago del Estro they take their voting seriously. They are simple folk, largely of Indian descent. They don't go in for skyscrapers or motorcars very much, but they do believe in going to the polls. In fact, they are addicted to it. Witness Juan Jose Jiminez. The other day Juan trudged forty miles through a steaming jungle of Santiago del Estro just to push his ballot in the box. Even for Santiago del Estro, Juan's performance was a bit unusual, and so they honored him at a big dinner.

But this zeal for voting reported from Santiago del Estero is widespread among all the Argentine provinces. People in the more setted regions have a curious regard for the practices of democracy. They seem to have acquired a strange idea that it is a privilege to say at the ballot box what government they want. Of course, Argentina makes it a duty as well, for the law assesses a fine for failure to vote. However, the fine is not very heavy and is seldom actually collected. It is said the real reason for this remarkable addiction to voting is a lively interest in elections. The case of Juan seems to bear out that contention. In any event, in this election, which was of members of the chamber of deputies, 86 per cent of the qualified voters went to the polls in Buenos Aires. Two years ago the percentage was 91.

Two years ago in the United States presidential election the percentage was 63, and in 1924 it was 51.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

GRANGERS HOLD RITES FOR DECEASED BROTHER

A regular meeting of the Orchard City Grange was held at the I. O. O. F. hall last Tuesday evening, with Worthy Master S. N. Hedegard presiding at the business session.

The brief business meeting was followed by an interesting and instructive talk by N. O. Best, teacher at the Campbell high school. His subject was Americanization, and had to do with some of his work at the night school held here annually. He told of his work in that department of teaching the foreign born residents the requirements to become a citizen of the United States and also to prepare those who are not eligible right now for the tests.

A beautiful and impressive ceremony was held in remembrance of a departed brother, G. D. Siekman who passed away two weeks ago The chaplain, Mary Parkhill, assisted by her stewards, conducted the rites.

Lloyd Gardner of the taxation committee reported on the "day light saving" measure which will probably be put up for a vote at the next general election. H. G. Keesling gave a talk on home beautification and gardening. Interesting reports were given by the home economics committee which includes Mrs. F. K. Bartholomew, chairman, Mrs. O. B. Couk and Mrs. Harry Barnes.

The next regular meeting of the Grange will be Tuesday, July 22.

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—"In every line of work," says a university professor, "a person should begin at the bottom and work up." How about a swimming instructor?

* * *

A man learns more from his wife than anyone else in the world. Unless it is his second wife.

* * *

MODERN GRIEF
"POOR JOHN, HE WAS SUCH A DEAR, AND SO PROMPT WITH HIS ALIMONY."

* * *

Maud Muffins sez, "The old fashioned girl who used to get her hands red from washing dishes, now has a daughter who gets her fingers yellow from smoking cigarettes."

* * *

Did you ever stop to think, gentle reader, of all the states that have been named after Irishmen? For instance, , there is O. Regon, Kelly Rado, O. Hio and Kelly Fornia.

* * *

MARKET NOTE

Wheat has reached a new level, but corn still brings 86 cents a bushel or three dollars a quart.

* * *

An intelligent man is one who doesn't know the answers to the questions in the intelligence test and doesn't give a darn."

* * *

In answering questions about the values of various tires, the intelligent man unhesitatingly places GOODYEARS first.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
Campbell, California

ED GENASCI AGAIN CAPTAINS LOCAL FIRE DEPARTMENT

Monday, July 7, marked another election for the Campbell fire department. Ed Genasci was re-elected chief. Genasci's record the past year has been very fine, as has that of the entire department. Frank Coupland was elected assistant to the chief, Antone Ferro is secretary and Horace Lea treasurer for the ensuing year. Oluf Strom, Fred Grizzle, E. G. Lanz were elected to serve on the financial committee this year.

The Campbell volunteer firemen hold a most important position in this community. Many times Campbell would have been ruined by fire but for the prompt action of these men.

In the past two months there has been more than the usual number of fires and the department is urging local people to exert more energy in the prevention of fire. The reason for this is that there are now more people in town, and at the same time so many are away on their vacations.

Miss Myra Giles of Anderson and Miss Kathryn Spaulding of Los Angeles were recent visitors at the R. W. Kennedy home.

Local Happenings

H. A. Church and his son, Maurice Church and family, of Richmond, spent Sunday with Mr. Church's sister, Mrs. Hattie Baugh, and incidentally enjoyed their annual feast of Campbell apricots.

T. L. Mendel, who has been absent for several months on an extended trip around the world, is due to arrive the 21st of this month coming from New York via the Panama canal.

Mrs. Paul Romer (nee Harriet Dunphy) and infant daughter, and Mrs. Mayme Dunphy, who have been the guests of Mrs. Zadie Rice since Saturday, will leave Wednesday for their home at San Anselmo, stopping for an overnight visit with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunphy at Milbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard, who are spending an extended vacation in Yosemite, came from there Tuesday to attend the Grange meeting that evening. They returned to the park Thursday to be with their family for another two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hagelin and daughter, Anna, are spending the summer at their cottage at Mission Springs in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stoops and family of Watsonville will make their future home in Campbell, having moved into the Merrill house last week.

Miss Rowena Farman was a visitor at the Selvy home in Pacific Grove last week. Mrs. Selvy, before her marriage, was Alice Strom.

Mrs. George Stallman, Mrs. Margaret Bromley and Mrs. L. Bascham of San Jose, were visiting Mrs. W.I. Merrill last Tuesday.

Mrs. Oluf Strom returned from her several days' visit with the Hagelins at their cottage in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Bergstrom of San Francisco were visiting last week at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Farman and family.

Miss Minerva Parker of Battle Creek, Mich., who was a delegate to the Baptist Young People's convention at San Francisco, was a caller at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan Monday. She is a cousin of Mrs. Duncan.

George E. Hyde returned Monday from a month's vacation in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Townsend spent the week-end at Big Basin.

Mrs. C. H. Antrim and children are here visiting with Mrs. Lena Rodeck and daughter, Mary. They will also visit points on the Monterey peninsula.

The summer division of the Congregational church guild will meet with Mrs. George Wright on Lee avenue Thursday, July 24.

Kenneth Harriss of Mobile, Ala., arrived last week for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Harriss.

Guy Shepherd and niece, Marion Shepherd, were visiting in Yosemite and Mariposa last week.

Mrs. E. H. Seagraves of San Francisco is vacationing with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Page.

Miss Elizabeth Turner will leave tomorrow morning for a vacation trip to Marshallfield, Ore. She will stop at Chester, Calif., en route, for a few days visit with her brother, Albert, who is in the forestry service.

Ladies Guild Thrift Sale Makes $30.00

In spite of the current "hard times" the Congregation guild did very well in their thrift sale last week, over $30 being cleared.

Mrs. W. I. Merrill, Mrs. Mary Lanphear and Miss Sadie Maxson were in charge of the sale, which was held at the local hotel.

From the few articles left and with some newer ones, another sale is being contemplated for a future date.

LADIES!
With this machine we can now repair your smartest shoes
Campbell Shoe Hospital

Wanted---A Name

Mr. Robins, Manager of the Soda Fountain in Bernhardt's Store wants a name for the Fountain. He is going to give $2 for the name selected and $1 each for the next three best. Five business men of Campbell will be the judges. Mr. Robins will take the name they select. Prizes will be awarded July 28 at 8:30 at the Fountain.

Send all names to P. O. Box 157. All names must be in before 2 o'clock p. m., July 28.

A. J. Robins, Manager

You are Invited

to a special demonstration

of

BATTLE CREEK HEALTH FOODS

given by

MRS. M. G. CLERKE
JULY 21, 22 and 23
Battle Creek Food Expert

FOODS Served FREE—Literature GIVEN

SHADLE'S Drug Store

TRADE AT HOME

Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Announcing our affiliation with
Mr. Geo. Jepsen
representing the L. H. BENNETT Co., distributors for the new
GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Campbell Lumber Co.
Phone 113

WHILE YOU'RE AWAY THIS SUMMER

Danger of loss by fire or theft is constantly present. The hazard increases when you leave your home for vacation trips and fail to take precautions for the safety of silverware, jewelry and other valuables.

Our modern safe deposit vault can be used to eliminate all risk of this nature, and in addition, brings this service direct into your own neighborhood. The expense of a box for jewelry and papers, or the use of our storage room for larger articles, is very reasonable.

We invite you to take advantage of these convenient facilities so that vacation pleasures will not be marred by worry over what might happen to unprotected valuables at home.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY
Since 1854

95 Banking Offices Serving Central California Communities

Resources more than $300,000,000

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

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CONCLUSION

At 11 o'clock, after having made herself as presentable as possible in the borrowed clothes, Eve descended to the lounge to keep her appointment with Hamilton. On the way downstairs she was assailed again by fear of what had happened the night before at Jake's. Who was the man who unquestionably knew her? Why was he so anxious to see her alone? These questions and many others hurried through her mind in jumbled confusion during the brief interval required by the lift to reach the lobby.

As Eve stepped toward the lounge, Hamilton came hurrying toward her from the chair in which he had been waiting, with apparent impatience, immediately in front of the elevator door.

"Eve . . . Miss Parsons . . . you can't imagine how glad I am to see you! It seems more like a year has passed since you gave us the slip than the five weeks it has actually been. Where did you go—what did you do, and why?"

'One at a time, sir," said Eve, flushing happily.

Hamilton's eyes devoured her as he led her to a seat.

"I'd really lost track of the time," said Eve, "but now you call my attention to it, I recall that exactly five weeks ago last night I gave way to hysteria and left the hotel. I've been living quietly in a little apartment not so awfully far from here, and have passed the time quite easily." For some reason she did not wish to tell him at once of her experiences at Jake's night club.

"But why did you leave your friends here so unceremoniously?" insisted Hamilton. "We were really trying to help you, you know."

Eve smiled at the touch of impatience that flashed across her companion's good-looking face, and replied: "To be absolutely honest with you, I don't know. You remember my horror of becoming a "case" —well ,the presence of that nurse did things to my moral, and then, too, I feared that I was becoming a nuisance, so I just thought everybody would be better off if I quietly disappeared. If everything had gone as I hoped it would, I would not be here now, but—"

"What happened?" interrupted Hamilton eagerly. He was making a poor job of concealing something which evidently pleased him very much. Eve noticed it, but refrained from letting him know that she was aware of his unusual spirits.

"Well," said Eve, "to tell you what happened last night, I'll first have to go back a ways. A week or more after I had left the hotel a series of circumstances led me to take a position as one of the assistant hostesses in a night club—Jake's place, if you know where that is."

He nodded.

"I have been there every night regularly up to last night, when this . . . this thing happened. It frightened me dreadfully, and I didn't want to go back to my apartment, so I came here . . . I suppose my subconcious self demanded that I get as close to my friends as possible——"

"But why did you not return to your apartment? What happened that frightened you? Surely, in a well-ordered night club, such as I know Jake's to be, nothing out of the ordinary should occur to frighten anyone."

"It was a man," said Eve in a low voice, glancing around as if half expecting to see the dark-visaged stranged lurking behind the nearest pillar. "I absolutely didn't know him at all—yet he seemed to know me . . . in fact, if I am the person he thinks I am, he seemed to know me rather well. He acted as if he had been looking for me—or for the person he thinks I am—for some time, and he was furious with me for not recognizing him. He insisted that we go elsewhere to talk, and under the pretext of getting my wrap, I slipped out of a back window, took a taxi to Sixth avenue and Fourth street, and after that cab was out of sight I took another one which brought me here. Fortunately Mr. Jenkins recognized me, and put me up, sans baggage, in my old rooms. And that's all of it, except that I am terribly glad to be here with you—"

"No more pleased than I am to have you," responded Hamilton warmly, taking her hand in both of his. "Now that you are her, I'll take good care to keep you in sight until we get the mystery of your identity unravelled completely. I don't mind admitting," he said shyly, "that your disappearance caused me sensations other than those of uneasiness."

Eve smiled and pressed his hand. She liked this handsome, capable man from the west, and she realized that he was sincere in his admiration for her.

"Anyway," continued Hamilton, "I have not been idle in my two adventures of inquiry. When you disappeared—"

"Two adventures?" interrupted Eve. "I imagined you would look for me, but what was the other?"

"Your identity!" exclaimed Hamilton, "and I think I have something interesting to tell you. But I'll start, if you don't mind, with your disappearance."

Eve felt faint but definite twinges of hope in her breast. "Go on," she said faintly.

"Naturally," continued Hamilton, "when we found that you had left the hotel I was desperate. I questioned the doorman in hopes of tracing your cab. I wracked my brain in hope of hitting upon a place a person in your condition would go—and I imagined you in all sort sof trouble. Oh, I tell you, I was a very miserable young man for a few days till the old head began to function normally again."

"I'm sorry . . . just as sorry as I can be," said Eve.

"Anyway, when my good sense got the better of the fantasys that possessed my mind as the result of a too fertile imagination, I called in an old friend, 'Shorty' Blake, who happens to be the star reporter of the Sun. I told him all about you, not omitting your aversion of the possibility of becoming a 'case,' and he promised to help me find you. He is in distinct favor at headquarters, and together we interviewed the captain of detectives and enlisted his aid. We also secured from him a promise to mask his every move with secrecy and to take no official action when he found you."

"What do you mean," she said, startled, "by official action?"

"Well, like committing you to a sanatarium for observation."

"Oh."

"We located you five days after you left the hotel."

"You did! And you didn't let me know . . . "

"No. You see, we knew you were all right, and if you had moved again, we would have been advised. So we really had no cause for worry. And I had more important things to do."

"Oh, I see," said Eve, slightly hurt. "But how did you find me?"

"Through the porter—what's his name . . . ?"

"Marcel," she supplied quickly, the twinge of hope growing stronger every minute.

"He gave me other information —under duress; he didn't mean to be disloyal. That's why he hasn't been to see you."

The feeling of hope in Eve's breast retreated a little. "He told me all he knew. It proved of no value," she said.

Hamilton smiled. "You didn't ask me," he said, "why I didn't come to see you. Surely, you knew I wanted to . . . "

"Then I'll ask you now. Why didn't you come to see me after you found out where I lived?"

"What would you say," he countered, "if I told you that only yesterday I returned by fast boat from France?"

Eve felt herself growing faint. "You have been to Paris?" she asked weakly. "What for—tell me!"

"For you," Hamilton said softly.

"And you were . . . ?"

"Successful—so far!"

"Dear God! Who am I? Mr. Hamilton—Eric! Don't keep me waiting! Who am I?"

Hamilton caught her other hand, imprisoning them both in his own.

"You are," he said distinctly, Miss June Carrington. You are an orphan—with a host of friends in Europe, but you are practically unacquainted on this side."

Eve—June—stared at him with a mixture of relief, happiness, tears and adoration. "June Carrington," she said, half to herself. I think I remember a little—my father; he was attached to the foreign office."

"He was quite well off financially," put in Hamilton.

"Yes," June took up the thread of memory, "he was. When he died several years ago, he left me in the care of a friend—Perez—whom he thought an honorable man . . ."

"That's right—a man for whom you had ever little regard, according to what I learned from your friends in Paris."

"It comes back distinctly—I hated him and feared him. That was he who appeared last night at Jake's . . . he has a son whose vileness is the talk of Paris. Perez intended to force me to marry the young beast—it must have been his persecution that drove me from Paris and into the land of nowhere. Events surrounding my departure from Paris are still hazy," said June, "and I hope they never become clear. It must have been awful."

"It was," said Hamilton. "The details, I hope, will never come to torture you. I will say, though, that father and son were frustrated by your timely escape. They have been looking for you all over two continents, nd only last night did the rascally sire of a rascally son catch up with you. I might add that they are now both in the hands of the police, awaiting deportation."

Eve sighed. "Eric—I'm going to call you Eric, you know—why did you trouble yourself over me? You would have been quite right to wash your hands of the whole affair when I left you reading in my siting room in this hotel five weeks ago."

"It's this way," replied Hamilton. "The first time I ever saw you I knew that you should have somebody to look after you—all the time, and I just felt that there was no one as capable of the sweet task as I was. Believe me, dear Eve—June, when I say that I have loved you since that morning you told me your troubles on the bench in that little park—years and years ago."

"You're a dear boy," said Eve shyly, submiting to his embrace, "and I guess I do need some one to look after me. First, I'd like to refresh this new-found memory with a week or two in Paris—"

"On our honeymoon," said Eric Hamilton tenderly.

The End

MissHancie Naylor, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. L. E. Naylor, left by motor today to visit their brother and son, Frank, at Newport Beach.

Elect

Hall S. Schrader

COUNTY RECORDER

August 26

As a World War Veteran (having served our country overseas) I respectfully solicit your vote for County Recorder

Hall S. Schrader

Stephen Merrill Will Conduct Musical Program Sunday Night

This Sunday night at the Congregational church, the second of a series of special services will be held at 7:30 p. m. Stephen Merrill, tenor, will present several groups of solos on this occasion. Stephen has been heard frequently by radio audiences, having sung over radio stations KPO and KFRC in San Francisco, and is at present a member of the KQW staff in San Jose, appearing weekly with the San Jose Little Symphony orchestra. He was recently a tenor soloist with the St. Paul Methodist choir in San Jose, having sung with that organization for nearly two years. Those who have heard him will welcome this opportunity to hear his lovely voice. It is expected that a large audience will turn out to hear the program.

The Sunday school orchestra, under the direction of Everett Page, will play several selections and Mr. Bennett will deliver a brief message.

MAN CANT SLEEP, GETS NERVOUS, HATES PEOPLE

"I could not sleep and got so nervous I hated everybody. Since taking Vinol, I can sleep 10 hours and feel full of pep all day."—Julius Bender.

For 30 years doctors have prescribed Vinol because it contains important mineral elements of iron, calcium and cod liver peptone. The very FIRST bottle brings sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Nervous, worn out people are surprised how QUICK Vinol gives new life and pep! Tastes delicious. —Shadle's Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lloyd are enjoying a vacation at Lake Tahoe and points in that vicinity.

—c—

Gayno Eddlemon is very ill with an infected tooth at his home on Winchester road.

FIELD'S STORE

ANCHOR SULPHUR FOR COTS

PICKING PAILS

LARSON LADDERS

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

Peet's Granulated Soap, small pkg, free, lg. pkg	35c
Star Olive Oil, Pint tin	39c
Butter Macareens, Golden Gate Cookies both	39c
DelMonte Tomato Catsup, lg. bottle	16c
Blue Ribbon Malt Extract, full 3 lbs	55c
Quaker Puffed Rice, 2 pkgs.	31c
Supreme Bartlett Pears, No. 2½ can	33c
Roman Meal, lg. pkg.	28c
Flit, Pint can and sprayer, both for	73c
Dox Washing Compound, 2 pkgs.	27c
Del Monte Seedless Raisins,three15 oz. pkgs.	25c

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 127 SERVICE AND DEPENDABILITY

When young people play hard . . .

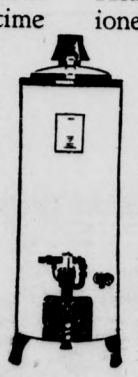
hot water—*instantly*, is a blessing!

Saves 4 to 6 hours each week

Happy days for the young people mean additional cares for mothers.

But plenty of hot water at the turn of the faucet washes away the trouble. Throughout the year too, it saves your time—by giving you hot water without delay, by quickly dissolving dirt and grease, by making it easy to keep things sweet and fragrant.

When men stop at fine hotels they like the hot water at a turn of the faucet—for bathing and shaving. It's this same service that is brought to your home by Automatic Gas Water Heater. Because of its insulated tank and efficiency, the cost is less per gallon to heat water with an Automatic Gas Water Heater than with the old-fashioned methods of waiting for water to heat.



And once you install the excellent service, there's never any bother about having an abundant supply of hot water—day and night.

Come into our office or a dealer's store and see the modern heaters. Or just telephone and our representative will call.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P · G · and E ·

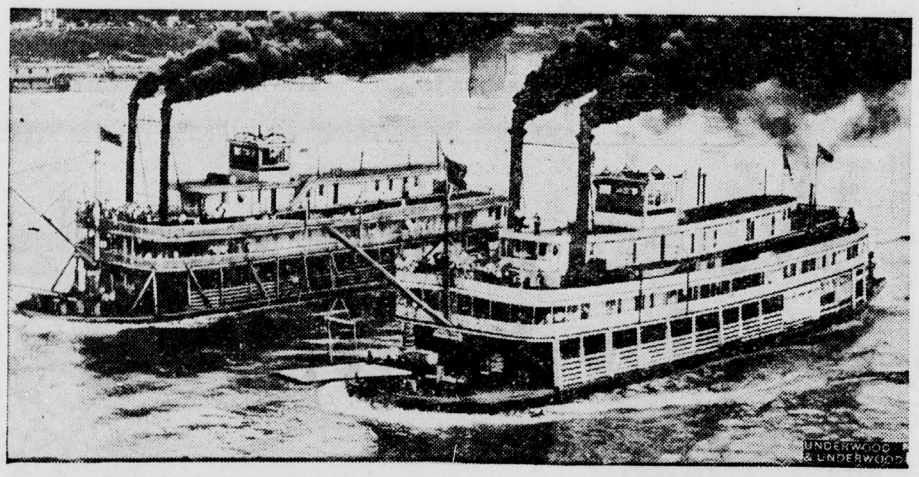
Owned - Operated - Managed

by Californians

Wrapping Up Christmas Packages in June

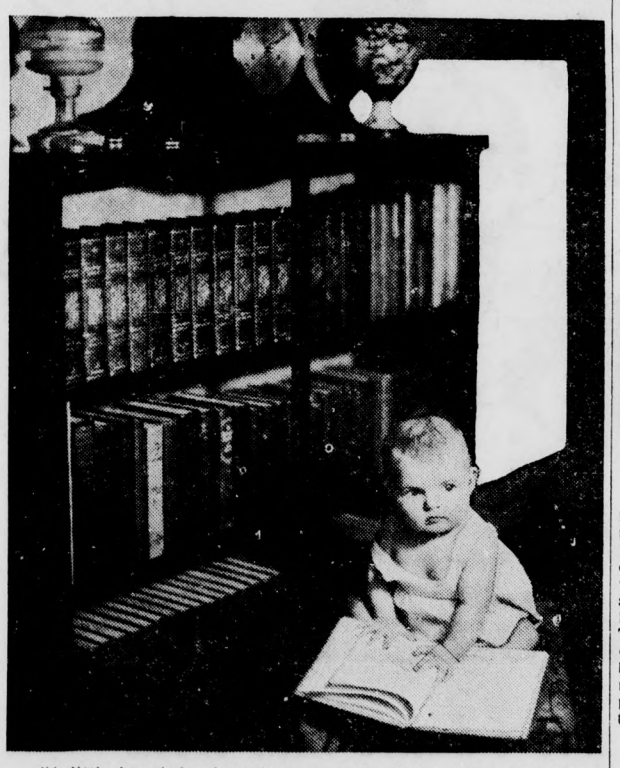
These Red Cross workers, Marion Dennis, Olive Dennis and Aletta Kranur, of Chicago, are busy getting Christmas packages ready for soldiers and sailors of the United States who are in far off ports.

Ohio River Steamers in Another Big Race



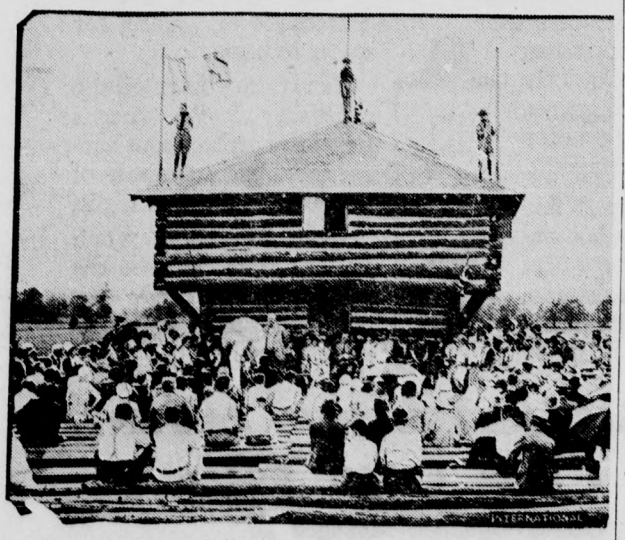
The Ohio river steamboats, Betsy Anne (left) and Tom Greene, racing on the river near Cincinnati for a prize. Last year the Betsy Anne raced the Chris Greene, sister ship of her rival of this summer.

Ready to Greet Furniture Dealers



"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," but that doesn't phase Miss Donna Lee Cady, eight months old, parked before one of the new bookcases on display at the American Furniture Mart in Chicago. The mart, center of the nation's furniture industry, will welcome retailers from every state during the summer exposition, July 7-19, when the new furniture for the fall and winter seasons will be introduced for the first time.

In Memory of Old Fort Ouiatanon



Scene during the dedication ceremonies of the newly-built blockhouse erected on the site of old Fort Ouiatanon, near Lafayette, Ind., the first fortified post established in Indiana and surrounding territory. Fort Ouiatanon was built in 1719 by the French and was held by them as a trading post and a fur center until 1779, when it came into the possession of the American rangers. The fort was destroyed in 1791.

DR. HENRY SUZZALLO

Dr. Henry Suzzallo, former president of the University of Washington, and at present director of President Hoover's national advisory committee on education, who will succeed Dr. Henry S. Pritchett as president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Doctor Pritchett, seventy-three, has asked to be relieved of active duty and he will retire August 1, after serving as president during the 25 years of the foundation's existence.

DEFEATED SIMMONS

Josiah W. Bailey, whose victory over Senator Simmons for the Democratic nomination for the senate has boosted him to the position of leadership in the party in the state of North Carolina.

The Ideal Man

The ideal man, as described by a number of women art students recently, must be a good dancer, with intellectual leanings, send flowers, treat his wife as an equal, and never wear red ties. In appearance, he should be tall and dark

POULTRY

REMOVE ROOSTERS FROM HEN FLOCK

Poor Eggs Result From Laziness and Neglect.

With the coming of warmer weather, there will be the usual rapid increase in the flow of poor quality eggs on the markets unless flock owners adopt control measures.

"As first produced, eggs are about as nearly a perfect food product as one can find," says C. F. Parrish, extension poultry specialist at the North Carolina State college. "If the hen is properly fed, the nest clean and the eggs gathered twice each day in hot weather and stored in a cool, clean place until delivery to the consumer, the market will pay the top price gladly. But, on the other hand, if roosters are allowed to run with the flock after the hatching season is over, if the hens are not well fed, if the nests are dirty and the eggs gathered occasionally and kept in a poorly ventilated, warm room, the consumer feels like ordering a gas mask along with his eggs."

Mr. Parrish insists that bad eggs are not accidents—they result from laziness, neglect, and poor management. It is just as easy, he says, to produce high quality, infertile eggs as it is to offend the customers with stale, fertile, low quality eggs. Farmers of the state lose about $500,000 each season because of bad methods in producing and handling this product. At least one-third of this is due to the partial hatching of fertile eggs which have become warm enough to incubate. Hot days have the same effect on fertile eggs as the hen or incubator and the first step is to remove the male bird from the flock as soon as hatching is over. He has nothing to do with egg production.

Five good rules to observe are given by Mr. Parrish, as follows: Keep nest clean and provide one nest for every four hens; gather eggs twice each day; market the eggs twice each week; store them in a cool, dry place, such as the cellar; and pen or dispose of all roosters after the breeding season. To follow these five suggestions is to improve the quality of the product.

Feed Baby Chicks Sour Milk in Liberal Doses

Sour or clabbered milk as a feed for chicks is one of the surest preventatives of white diarrhea available. So says H. A. Bittenbender, head of the poultry husbandry department at Iowa State college. Where plenty of milk is available it is a profitable practice to give no water to the chicks during the first six weeks, sour milk to constitute the only drink.

Care should be practiced in feeding sour milk, for sharp changes in the acid content from day to day almost always cause bowel trouble. A safe rule to follow is to feed today's milk tomorrow. Then the acid content will remain very nearly the same.

It is best to feed the milk in earthen or enameled vessels, for they are much easier to clean than other types of containers, and cleanliness is a big factor in the success of baby chick feeding.

Open Shed Shelter Is Favored for Turkeys

A form of shelter for turkeys which has proven very satisfactory when it is necessary to construct shelter, is the open shed of the machinery shed type. One end can be closed at the front and the roosts placed in that end, so that they will always be protected from wind and storm. This type of structure affords excellent ventilation, ample room for exercise, and all the protection that is necessary. Another advantage of this type is the fact that the shed can be used for sheltering small machinery in the summer.

Succeed With Turkeys

The kind of feed and the manner of feeding poults make a vast difference in results. The difficulty in handling turkeys in domestic fashion has been realized for years, more so as farms became closer together and wide, open ranges became harder to provide for flocks of turkeys. Unwholesome feeds and bad ways of feeding have worked much harm to this industry. Growing poults will not require so much attention as to feed when the range is ample.

Mistaken for Cold

Chickenpox is often mistaken for a cold, but it is a specific disease. Unless care is taken colds may appear with the pox and many chickens will die. The mouth form of chickenpox is not ordinarily serious if the occurrence of colds can be prevented. The temperature of the pens should be raised, the birds given special care and the litter changed often to keep moisture at a low level. The removal of diseased birds in the early stages will help.

Chicks Grow Fast

Baby chicks do a lot of growing in the first four week of their lives. H. L. Shrader, extension poultryman in the United States Department of Agriculture, says they double in size in the first two weeks. Not satisfied with such a record, they double in size again in the next two weeks. If they get the right kind of attention.

Two essentials for success in rearing baby chicks, Mr. Shrader explains, are plenty of heat and the right kind of feed.

THAT'S THE REASON

Music Teacher—How is it that you are not making any faster progress with your saxophone, young man?

Young Pupil—It's all my father's fault. He's always foolin' with it.

THEY'RE BEAUTS

She—The West has wonderful mountains—so beautiful.

He—Yes, lots of them are buttes.

STRONG FOR HER

She—My! Aren't you strong.

He—Only for you.

IN THE SAME BOAT

"Now, Willie, will you be kind enough to tell me what is meant by the fourth dimension?"

"I can't, teacher, because I don't know, either."

AND SO IT GOES

"Life is a peculiar thing, isn't it? While one person is bright the other is sad."

"Yes, and some people want to live and others reside in Chicago."

FAST TIME

Farmer (watching elevator indicator)—Gosh! How time does fly here in the city!

Stuffed up inside?

Feen-a-mint is the answer. Cleansing action of smaller doses effective because you chew it. At your druggists—the safe and scientific laxative.

Feen-a-mint

FOR CONSTIPATION

Safety First

They were riding along a beautiful stretch of country highway. She was driving and suddenly espied repair men climbing the telegraph poles.

"Why, Harry, just look at those men," she exclaimed. "Do they think I never drove a car before?"

END FLIES

Next time flies bother you don't shoo, don't swat

Just spray FLY-FOIL a few times a day about the rooms—all the flies and mosquitoes disappear. Positive and lasting in its results. Not a poison.

No Spilling or Wasting with new FLY-FOIL pouring nozzle.

FLY-FOIL has a new pleasant odor and will not stain walls or fabrics. Leaves no oily scum.

New low prices at your dealer's or write

AN-FO MFG. CO.
Oakland, Calif.

Our Dairy Fly-Foil Keeps Flies off Cows

At your dealers

FLY-FOIL

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 60 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

Nurse Dencker's Home Treatment heals Varicose Ulcers, Running Sores, Eczema and all Skin Diseases. Write Mrs. Stanley, 1384 Cherry Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

BARRED ROCK PULLETS
3-month-old A-1 pullets $1.00 each f. o. b. plant. 100,000 annually.
Free Literature.
OAKLAND BROODING PLANT
4209 Mountain Blvd. - Oakland, Calif.

New Radio Lighthouse

A new kind of radio lighthouse, invented by a Glasgow engineer, is to be installed at Cumbrae on the Clyde. Hitherto wireless lighthouses have sent out signals by which ships provided with the necessary apparatus can tell their position and their distance from land, but the new invention is a kind of wireless telephone, and mariners listening will be able to tell instantly how far off from the lighthouse they are.

When Food Sours

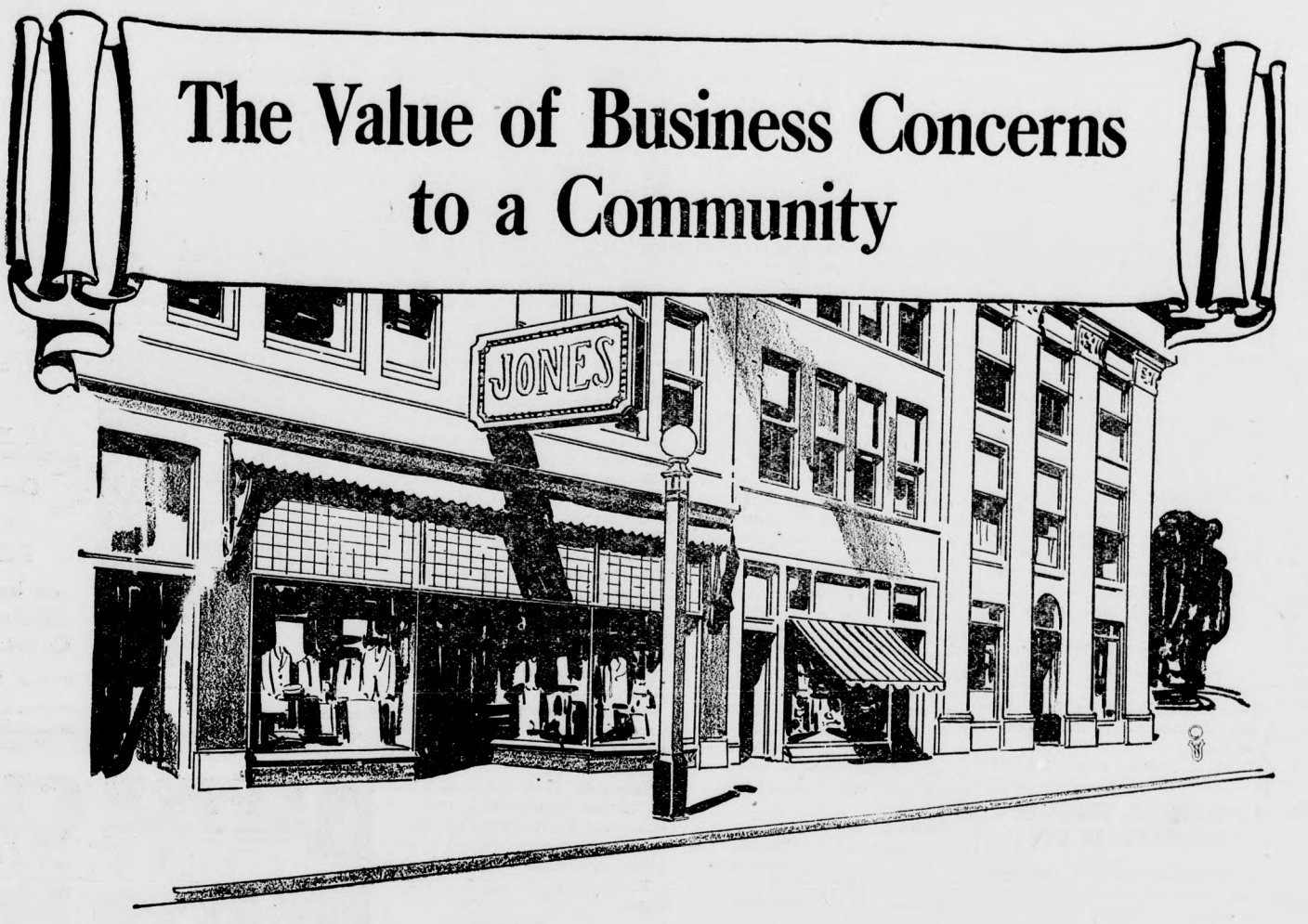
Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

The Value of Business Concerns to a Community



Almost all of us, at some time or other, have given some thought to the value of having a *good business*, located in a *good town*. How many of us, however, have considered *the value to the town*, of having a *good business* located *in* the town?

Lack of intelligent understanding on this point, by the people who live in a community, is often a chief cause for the failure of that town to attain OUTSTANDING SUCCESS.

The support that business institutions receive from the community in which they are located determines the amount of success they can achieve as individual businesses AS WELL AS the amount OF SERVICE THEY CAN RENDER THAT COMMUNITY. Without the support of their community, business concerns cannot exist.

We wouldn't be so interested; it wouldn't mean so much to many of us, IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE FACT THAT THE BUSINESS INSTITUTIONS OF *ANY* COMMUNITY are THE HEART of that community! And unless the *business institutions* make outstanding successes, the *town* cannot hope to make an outstanding success. Cannot hope to grow and prosper as it should, and *must!*

There are DEFINITE REASONS why business concerns are of such value to their town. Here are a few of them:

1. Business concerns pay the majority of the taxes in a community, and, therefore, furnish the largest part of the revenue for the support and improvement of the town.
2. Business concerns furnish most of the employment for the 37 per cent of the people who are gainfully employed, and who in turn support the other 63 per cent.
3. Business concerns furnish most of the energy and brains which go into progressive movements for the benefit and upbuilding of the community.
4. Business concerns are the service stations which supply the needs and pleasures of the community, and the stronger these businesses are, the more service they can render the town.
5. Business men are mainly the contact men with outside concerns and people, and in a large measure, make up the personality of the town.
6. The appearance of the business district is the part of the city which has the most effect on outsiders, and from which their good impression of the town is derived.

These are just a few. Many other points could be enumerated on the value of business concerns to the community. But additional points would be superfluous. We are all intelligent, and can grasp the importance of the business concerns to any community, and the value of giving them utmost support.

If you have a financial or sentimental interest in YOUR community, IT WILL PAY YOU to patronize your local concerns!

Business and professional interests ask only for the support of the community in order that they in turn may help support and build the community. This is one of the vital factors in the development of

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS
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All Work Called For and Delivered
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"Cleanliness in the Shop and Purity of Ingredients are Prime Factors in the Quality of Our Products"

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Physician and Surgeon
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Office and Residence, Phone
Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 166
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Fred Getchell, Noble Grand,
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Patriarchial Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

Santa Clara County Cows Earn $90,-345,000 In 1929

Dairy cows of Santa Clara county earned about two million dollars last year, according to M. T. Azevedo of San Jose, director of the California Dairy council.

The annual report of the bureau of dairy control, now completed, credits Santa Clara county with 3,-664,352 pounds of milkfat for 1929, which placed her 15th among all counties in the state in production. Los Angeles county was first, Stanislaus second, followed by Merced, Tulare, San Joaquin, Humboldt, Fresno, Imperial, Monterey, Kings, Sonoma, Marin San Bernardino, and San Luis Obispo counties.

For purposes of the report, all commercial dairy production for whatever purpose used was measured in terms of milkfat.

The farm value of milkfat produced in California last year was $90,345,000.

CUTTERS' CARDS AT SMITH'S

11 YEARS CONSTIPATION GLYCERIN MIX ENDS IT

"For 11 years I tried to get rid of constipation," says Charles E. Blair. "Then at last the simple mixture, Adlerika, made me regular."

The simple mixture of glycerin, buckthorn bark, saline, etc., (Adlerika) acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, relieving constipation in two hours! Brings out poisons you never thought were in your system. Let Adlerika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel!—Shadle's Drug Store.

INCUMBENT

JOS. McKINNON

Candidate
For Supervisor
Fourth District

Prim. Election, Aug. 26

WAN-TADS

LOST—Gray kitten, part Persian. Return to Miss R. Farman, 71 N. 2nd st., Campbell. Reward.

LOST—Black and white terrier pup. Children's pet. 55A S. 1st. st.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Amos O. Williams, administrator of the estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said administrator at Room 815 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, that being the place designated by the said Administrator for the transaction of the business of said estate.

San Jose, Cal., this 7th day of July, A. D., 1930.

Amos O. Williams.

Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, Deceased.

Frank H. Benson, Atty. (44-5-6-7)

CAMPBELL THEATER CHANGES HANDS

All negotiations were completed last week for the exchange of the Campbell theater, and Mr. and Mrs. Dodds left immediately for the east. Mr. and Mrs. Dodds have been residents of Campbell and owners of the theater for several years, but word was received that they were needed by Mrs. Dodds' brother, George Robertson, who has been ill for some time, and Mr. Dodds will take over his business until Robertson is able to get around.

The theater was transferred to the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ludekens and daughter, Elinor, of Martinez, where they have been engaged in the theater business for several years.

H. C. Bloom will continue on at the theater in the capacity of operator, with Elmer Herschbach as substitute operator.

Miss Annette Merrill Attends Morning Function in San Francisco

Miss Annette Merrill went to San Francisco to attend a breakfast given by Mrs. Marie Stewart Sunday morning for her girl friends, who assisted at her wedding recently. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are leaving Wednesday for Honolulu where his company has sent him in the interests of business.

CUTTERS' CARDS AT SMITH'S

IN THE Radio STUDIOS WITH ALBERT ZUGSMITH JR

Eva Le Gallienne, who broadcasts her plays over the WABC chain, speaks, reads and writes French, German, Russian and Danish besides possessing a passing knowledge of Spanish, Italian and Greek. She plays the piano, guitar, harp and piccolo. Her fencing is so excellent that her instructor continually urges her to give up the stage and radio so that he may make her the world's champion with the foils. Incidentally, her company calls her "Saint Eva."

Rudy Vallee has been awarded an athletic letter by the University of Maine for his popularization of the Maine Stein song. At the testimonial dinner preceding the bestowing of the "M" on the slight shoulders of the crooner, it was said that the University of Maine expects a record enrollment in the coming year due to publicity it has received during the broadcasting of the song. Some say that the school will have four times as many students in 1930 as it had in the previous year. My, oh my, look what a stein and a low voice has done for good old Maine

The newest thing to take the country by storm is the Radio Garden of Fans. Followers of Rudy Vallee are being called "Daffydils" by radio columnists. Those who place Will Osborn on the throne are termed "Weepin' Willows." Fans who adore Smith Ballew are given the title of "Buttercups." Lovers of Jan Garber's music are called by the nom-de-plume of "Gardenias."

Evidently the chap who named Guy Lombardo fans, "Pansies" did not know that Lombardo's admirers are recruited mainly from the underworld of Chicago and New York.

If you think Ray O'Hara's languorous tunes are the height of something, then you're a "Shamrock." Folks who tune in on Neil Golden more often than others are termed "Goldenrods." And a "Cauliflower" is just another name for the cohorts of the inimitable Bernie Cummins.

If you're that way over the snappy strains of Ozzie Nelson's band then you're nothing but a "Geranium." Those who adore the white-hot Bert Lown orchestra belong to the "Hollyhock" family.

And I know you—you're "Petunia" about Don Bigelow. Don't blame me, I didn't name them, I'm just telling you.

DID YOU KNOW

That Harry Swan, WABC character actor, once broadcast a drama in which he took all 11 parts?

That Merle Johnstone, the Columbia system saxaphone expert, maintains the female of the species learns to play the "blues horn" twice as fast as the male?

Mr. and Mrs. David Saunders returned last week from their vacation in Yosemite.

Angelica and Carrita Lind of Seattle are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Johnson.

"Voice-visit" with friends in nearby cities

Your voice is *you*. It keeps alive those friendships that mean so much, and dim so rapidly when neglected. Call your old friends by telephone occasionally, even if they are in other cities.

The front pages of your telephone directory have a lot of practical information about fast, modern inter-city telephone service.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

SCHRADER GREETS FRIENDS HERE THIS WEEK; CANDIDATE

Hall S. Schrader, candidate for county recorder, was in town meeting friends this week. He was born at Wrights in 1895, and educated in valley schools, where he was a popular student and active in athletics.

In 1912 after he had finished a commercial course in the San Jose high school, he entered the employ of the Southern Pacific and worked here under Charles Berry.

Mr. Berry says, "Hall was always on the job and was at all times efficient and courteous."

Schrader worked for the Southern Pacific for seven years in the clerical line, in the station and freight office. He was always obliging to the public and those who came in contact with the officer were greeted with a smile and a handclasp that meant friendship.

In 1917 Schrader enlisted in the army and served overseas as a sergeant, and was disabled. On his return he took up vocational training in the squab raising business which he established under the name of the Schrader Squab farm at Willow Glen. He is known for the fine squabs he puts out, ready for the oven.

His motto, "An Efficient Business Man Makes A Good County Official" is well-suited in his case, as he started his business without any capital and now has a nice little business. Schrader says he is now on his feet and is seeking the recorder's office for "advancement, not for a pension."

Schrader is making a good, clean campaign, and will no doubt, if elected, make a good official for the recorder's office.

Fraternally he is affiliated with the Masons, Scottish Rite, Shrine, Shrine club, Eastern Star, Odd Fellows, Maccabees, Orchard City Grange, Woodmen of the World, V. F. W., D. A. V. and American Legion.

Rev. George Marsh Fills Local Pulpit Sunday Morning

Rev. George Marsh, a former resident of Campbell, was an over-Sunday guest at the home of Mrs. Ellen R. Smith. Rev. and Mrs. Marsh are residing at Claremont

There are only ten days left for Santa Clara county citizens to register for the primary election. There are a few left in this district who have not registered and those who wish to do so in the next ten days should call at the office of G. E. Farley, where L. M. Beal is conducting the registration.

while home on leave from their missionary post at Athens, Greece, where they teach in the school of religion.

Rev. Marsh filled the pulpit of the Congregational church Sunday and talked on the changes taking place in the countries of the near-east.

In the evening he spoke at the Christian Endeavor meeting on the changes developing in the Greek Orthodox church, and also of their own work and their visits to Bulgaria and Turkey.

KIWANIS NOTES *By Heck*

As chairman and speaker of the day, Ex-president Ed Wiesendanger proved the best yet. He gave a very interesting talk on his Hawaiian trip, the crops, sports, sights, eats, etc. About the best story so far told the club is one for your imagination. This thriller is about his killing a wild hog with a stone. He's a lucky hunter. His story was the more realistic because of the hula costume Ed used while relating his narrative.

Next Tuesday Tac Cutting will tell of his trip to Yellowstone and Glacier parks. That's the idea—let us see America first and this is an interesting way of getting the picture.

CUTTERS' CARDS AT SMITH'S

Your Support and Vote are Requested by

MAE E. FLANNERY

Candidate for COUNTY RECORDER

on her record for Efficiency-Economy Courtesy - Service

Primary Election, Aug. 26, '30

BATTLE CREEK DIET SYSTEM HEALTH FOODS *for Everybody*

SHADLE'S DRUG STORE

A Holiday for Tire-Buyers

Goodyears of highest quality in rubber history at the lowest prices ever known!

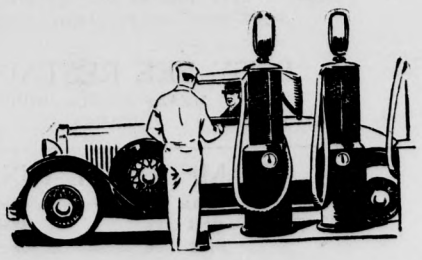
Enormous gains in Goodyear sales—a production MILLIONS of tires greater than any other company—enable low costs that give you the greatest values in history.

You don't need to ride on cheap rubber this Summer. The few cents difference buys a lifetime guaranteed Goodyear. It's a holiday for tire-buyers now!

It's a 6-ply HEAVY DUTY!

GOODYEAR *Pathfinder*

Lifetime Guaranteed



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